

THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME IV, NO. 1

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1936



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THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

Editor

Michael Huxley

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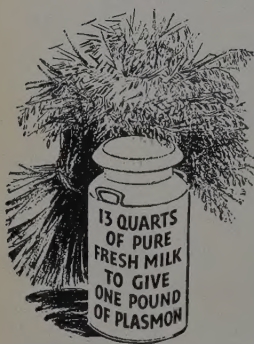
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(Signed) S. E. B.

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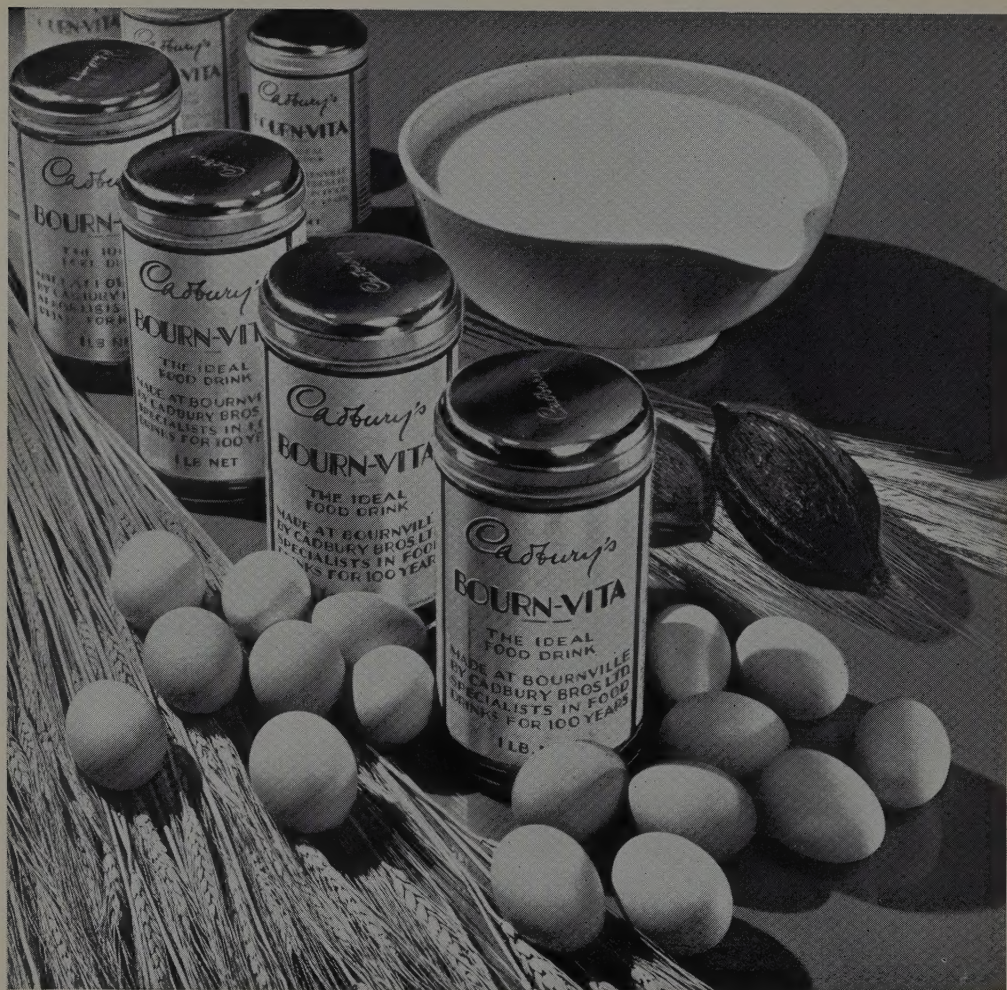
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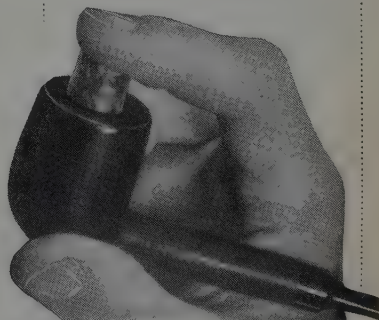


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The Fading Monastery of Valamo

by O. A. MERRITT-HAWKES

In our February number we published a description of Mount Athos, where the Orthodox monasteries cluster above the blue Aegean. The following account of another Orthodox monastery, a relic of bygone Russia isolated amid very different waters in the far north, affords an interesting comparison

A THOUSAND years ago, two monks, Herman and Sergius, left their monastery in the warm, fruitful land of Greece and wandered northwards. They finally settled on the islands of Valamo in Lake Ladoga where they founded a hermitage. No one knows whether they left Greece by desire or compulsion. There is a story that they came from Athos, but the present Abbot says there is no evidence for this. The earliest-known mention of the monastery of Valamo is a statement made in the *Chronicles of Robert of Rostov* that he had visited this far north, very cold place. Anyway, the two monks certainly did not bring with them the objection to women which is characteristic of Athos, for Valamo has always received women pilgrims and even has the tomb of a rich benefactress. The cows are apparently the only creatures that have original grace, for it is said that the monastery cows, imported originally from Holland by Peter the Great, will never allow themselves to be milked by a woman.

Lake Ladoga (in Finnish, Laatokka) is the biggest lake in Europe. When there is a tempest it becomes rough and dangerous. The hermitage founded by the two monks soon developed into a monastery. By the 15th century it held some thousand of monks who were entirely dependent upon themselves for the necessities of life. They practised real communism and were one of the most isolated religious institutions in Europe, separated from the land in summer by 25 miles of water and in winter by 25 miles of ice—much more difficult to cross than the

water, owing to wild snowstorms and, often, packs of wolves. A few years ago a motor-cyclist managed the journey, but usually when Ladoga freezes the monks are practically shut away from the world. Among them, however, are men trained in simple medicine and dentistry.

The monks, who are non-meat-eaters—eating even fish only on feast days—could provide themselves with clothes, food, shelter and warmth, but they had to depend on the pious who lived on the mainland for money to buy the gold, silver, silk vestments, brass, marbles, jewels and pictures which are an essential part of the luxurious ritual of the Orthodox Church. In summer, before the Great War, pilgrims came in vast numbers, bearing gifts in





By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

The rocky, wooded shores of Lake Ladoga near Sortavala, from which the Valamo islands are two hours distant by steamer towards the Finnish-Soviet frontier, in the midst of the great lake



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

The islands are owned by the Greek Orthodox Church, and on the largest of the group stand the main buildings of the monastery, dominating the smaller islands that surround it



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

The monastery buildings tower behind the landing-stage, on the narrow fjord where visitors arrive

goods or money, and the rich gave enormous contributions that they might be buried in the almost sacred ground. There are ten great festivals, the most important being the day of SS. Herman and Sergius on June 28, and the Birthday of the Mother of God on September 8. The pilgrims are exceedingly devout and highly emotional.

When Sweden and Russia began their long years of struggle, Valamo suffered too, was several times burnt, and, for a whole century, from 1617, when the Stilberg Peace Treaty gave Valamo to Sweden, the monastery was abandoned. But when, in 1715, Valamo again became Russian, it was revived and, during the following hundred and fifty years, became increasingly important; pilgrims came not only from Finland and Russia but also from other parts of the Orthodox world, the Balkan States, Greece, Armenia and Egypt. Now there are only a few pilgrims and they are generally poor, for only 70,000 Finns, mostly peasants from Karelia, the least-developed part of the country, belong to the Orthodox Church.

Many of the present buildings were designed by the Russian architect, Gornostajeff, and were erected during the time of the very capable Igumen (Abbot) Damaskin; but after his death in 1881 the monks diminished until, just before the War, there were only about a thousand. All those who were fully qualified priests were taken away to be army chaplains, and those under forty were compelled to enlist as ordinary soldiers. The very old alone remained.

Then came the Russian Revolution and the successful Finnish War for Independence from Russia, when Lake Ladoga was divided between the two countries, the forty Valamo Islands being ceded to Finland. Thus because Finland, unlike Russia, gave complete religious freedom to all, the monastery was able to continue. Its position was, however, very difficult: there were then only a couple of hundred monks; the great pilgrimages had ceased

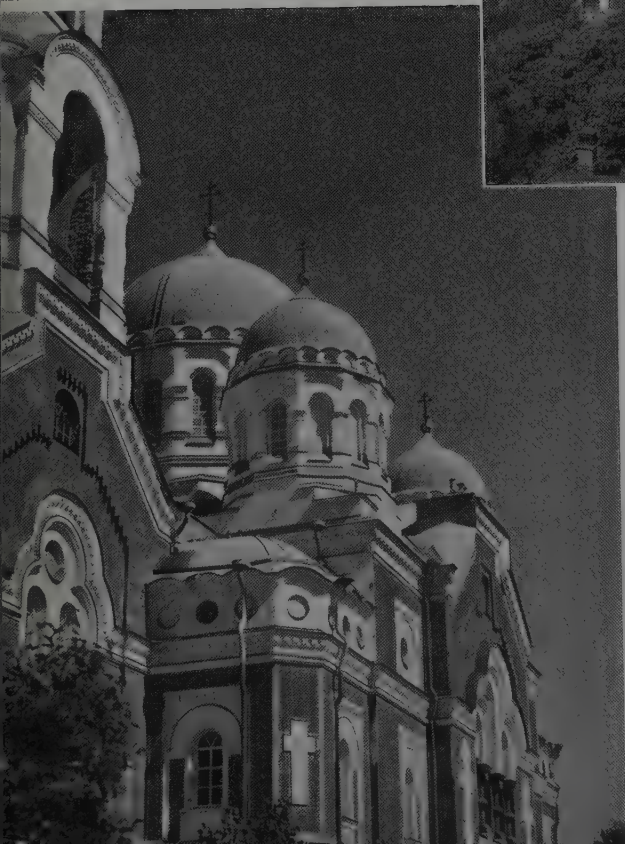
and there was little chance of further recruits. Their language was Russian; their services were in Russian; their Patriarch was in Moscow. They could not go to him nor could he come to them. There was a bishop at Viipuri, an archbishop at Sortavala, both cities in the eastern part of Finland, called Karelia. So today, although the monastery exists, it is fading away, will perhaps soon disappear and be turned into a national monument and a holiday resort. Already it is one of Finland's show places, a favourite and very beautiful Sunday trip for thousands of people and a cheap, pleasant and interesting place in which to spend a holiday. Genuine pilgrims are received by the monks free, for three days. The housing and food is rough but sufficient. But part of the great hostelry is now in the hands of the Finland Travel Bureau, which caters simply for the mere visitor. The time is not far distant when Valamo will have a modern, but not luxurious, hotel.

Small steamers take the visitor from Sortavala in two hours, or he may hire a small motor boat in the hope that the lake will be calm. The water, being fresh and therefore lighter than sea-water, is easily stirred up by very little wind. It is a pleasant journey, with a great variety of fellow passengers, a mixture of modern and ancient, for there is always at least one monk on board, wearing his hair long, a great beard, a black robe, a pill-box hat and tall Russian boots. There is also a waitress dressed in a smart black frock and white apron. The ordinary monks smell. Their faces are clean, so the odour is probably due not so much to personal uncleanness as to a most unattractive mixture of Church incense and primitive boot-black. Perhaps they use bear grease for their great boots.

As the boat gets near, the islands grow slowly out of the water, the great gold dome shines, the blue domes look ethereal. A pilgrim may make the sign of the cross, the violently anti-Russian may be rude or

From the high steeple of the Church of the Transfiguration—containing 15 bells, the largest of which, named Andreas, can be heard for 25 miles—there is a magnificent view over the gleaming golden cupolas of the church and the waters of Lake Ladoga to the distant shores of Finland

Merritt-Hawkes



R. R. Merritt-H

The Church of the Transfiguration is not ancient, for Valamo was never allowed to develop in tranquillity. Wars, usually between Russia and Sweden, affected Valamo from the 12th to the 20th century and the monastery was several times burnt and was even deserted for a hundred years. The present church was built between 1887 and 1892



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

Valamo became, in the 18th and 19th centuries, a centre for pilgrims, and to accommodate them a hostelry (above) was built in 1850. Some of its 200 rooms are now run for tourists by the Finnish Travel Bureau. In an inner courtyard opposite the great church is the residence of the Igumen or Abbot; his house is seen on the left (below)

By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat





By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

In the refectory (above) the monks assemble twice a day; during meals the Bible or sermons are read from the lectern in the centre of the room. A home-made wooden spoon and a piece of rye bread lie before each place. The monks never eat meat, and fish only on feast days. On the table (below) are vegetable soup, macaroni and turnips

By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat





R. R. Merrill-Hawkes

Monks, in their long pleated robes, walking to their cells after one of the four daily church services

the very anti-religious ribald. But, whatever one's religious opinions, the islands are a delight to the eye. The boat sails up a little fjord with high rocks and green trees on either side and stops at the chief island. On its way it passes near two moored boats which look like a pair of Noah's arks, for their decks have little wooden houses. But they are only the boats in which pilgrims formerly came from Russia. At the pier there are monks to carry the luggage of the visitors and groups of young sailors, for the island has a naval establishment and some entertaining toy gun-boats which look as if they ought to be armed with fire-crackers. A number of Finns are not only afraid of Bolshevik influence but of actual Russian aggression.

In summer the island looks very lovely and unaustere, for the cliffs are covered with flowering lilac which grows in great bushes on any and every available ridge. The monks look unaustere, too; they have such vast quantities of hair on face and head. The life or the atmosphere must be good for its growth. Perhaps in the future Valamo will have a sanatorium for the bald.

The main island is over five miles long and a little less broad. It contains the great buildings of the monastery, five churches, the home of the Igumen, the hotel and hospice, a curio shop, workshops, farms, two cemeteries, hermitages, shrines and woods—enough to keep most people amused for a number of days. There are besides possible journeys to some of the smaller islands. There is plenty of fishing but no shooting. Valamo was really the first Nature preserve in Europe; there is even said to be a wild duck which allows visitors to stroke her back as she sits on her eggs! The woods are beautiful, fragrant with one flower after another, but particularly with a fine cream-coloured orchid called the Violet of the Night. The smaller islands have hermits and chapels. The vows of some permit them to receive

visitors but others remain entirely secluded. One of them sleeps in his coffin and jokes in a happy and philosophical fashion of the day when the lid will be shut down on him permanently. Most Russians of the peasant classes, whether Orthodox Christians or devoted anti-religious Bolsheviks, accept death more easily, calmly and wisely than Westerners.

At one time the monks did all the work, from building to praying; but now many of the three hundred are so old that labour has to be hired. The workshops for boots, clothes, crocks, etc., continue to make the same things in exactly the same way as for the past thousand years, but the workmen are Finns, not necessarily Orthodox, dressed as lay brothers. The old monks give their time to prayer, meditation and a good deal of gossip. At all times during the day they will be found, alone or in pairs, wandering in the woods, picking flowers, looking at birds and beasts which have no fear of them for they are never injured and are fed in winter. The monks look healthy and kindly.

The principal building is the Church of the Transfiguration. It consists of two churches, one above another, that on the ground floor low and much decorated, the upper lofty and brilliant with gold and innumerable paintings. Orthodox Churches are sumptuous but never peaceful; they are so much like picture galleries that the architecture becomes of secondary importance.

I visited the lower, older church when Mass was taking place. The Igumen had a lovely voice; the chorus singing was good. The church was filled with people, many gay, a few awed, for there were many more curious visitors than serious pilgrims. The visitors stood at the back or moved about, some trying to mount the steps that led to the ornate, much begilded tomb of the founders, that they might look through the glass at the curious painted faces which lie above the bodies of Herman and Sergius. But there was a bad-tempered monk, thin

and dragged, who kept them away and also prevented anyone from leaning on the walls. He was a dirty man who looked as if he had spilt as much soup down his gown as down his throat, but he wanted a clean church with unsullied walls. His bad temper made him particularly suitable for his job. The real pilgrims were allowed to mount the steps and kiss the glass above the pictures which gave the effect of eternal youth, of the impossibility of death and decay. Along the side of the church walked a procession of monks, novices and schoolboys. They went slowly towards the altar. They all looked dirty and unkempt, especially the monks, whose black capes, accordion-pleated, dragged on the

ground. Only two monks had reached such a high status that they were allowed to wear white.

The service over, the congregation, the devout and the merely curious, scampered up the seventy-foot tower where hang fifteen beautiful bells and from which there is a fine view over the islands and the lake. But most of the visitors were so impressed with the weight of the biggest bell, 32,000 pounds, that they forgot its fine workmanship and its marvellously pure, clear sound. Some even forgot to look at the view. A few pilgrims were allowed into the upper golden church, where there are icons covered with quantities of gold: a strange sight when one knows that, only a few miles away, in Russia, all the gold and silver has been taken from the churches. Later in the day this church was opened to everyone.

On leaving the church the monks went to the refectory to get their provisions. The schoolboys wandered about, the small ones walking slowly and haltingly because their boots were so big and clumsy, their gowns so heavy. In their own villages they went barefoot, except in winter. The Igumen walked across the courtyard, grave and dignified. He blessed the pilgrims, and posed before their cameras. His face was rosy and healthy, his gown clean and bright and around his neck was a fine silver chain with a splendid cross of emeralds set in platinum. I waited for him in the white-painted lobby whose ceiling was decorated with cheerful little yellow birds sitting on blue bushes, just the sort that might be found in paradise. He led me up the stairs, along polished passages to his very clean apartments and motioned me to the seat of honour on the sofa, which stood behind a white-covered table. He placed a cushion embroidered with a cross behind my back before he seated himself near.

The Igumen, like all the monks, has long hair, a long beard, a long black gown; but he was tidy and as clean as the white covers



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

Processions are a less frequent feature of Orthodox than of Roman Catholic ritual, but they take place at Valamo during the June and August festivals

The Church of the Transfiguration is built over and around an older one dedicated to SS. Herman and Sergius, the founders of Valamo, which now forms a lower storey, so that there are two churches, one above the other. The new, upper church is very richly decorated—

courtesy of Suomen-Matkat



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat



—and glitters with the gold and silver incrustation of ornate carvings. The elaborate doors are set with icons, and scarcely a spot on walls or ceiling is not adorned with paintings—of saints and biblical scenes—by one Father Lucas and his thirty or forty pupils



R. R. Merritt-Hawkes



R. R. Merritt-Hawkes

There is a school on the island for boys of Orthodox families. They, like the monks, wear long gowns, long hair and caps of ecclesiastical shape. On Sundays they sit on the rocks and watch the boats bringing visitors from the mainland

on all the chairs, as the gathered white starched curtains on the windows. The floor was polished until it shone. The house of the Igumen might have been run by a Dutch housewife. He wore his black hat during the interview but he was finely courteous. As he knew only Russian he sent for a man who spoke six languages fluently. This man, who was dressed like a lay brother, had been engaged as interpreter for the summer, when so many foreigners visit the island. (The monastery is adopting modern methods. As there are so few pilgrims it must now make money out of tourists.) He was a Russian *émigré* who had become a Finnish citizen, a tall fine man, clever, determined, reserved and cautious, the type that could succeed in escaping from Russia. He translated every word I said, every word the Igumen said, with meticulous care. The Igumen watched us both, for, so near the border, suspicions are active.

The future of the monastery is a matter for much thought, for Finland has passed a law that only Finns may become monks and only 1½ per cent of the population belong to the Orthodox Church. Even that number is decreasing. In the city of Tampere there is a large church with a congregation of only thirty, so the church is for sale. The town is willing to buy it for a museum, but the faithful, not being Bolsheviks, hesitate before such sacrilege and yet they cannot afford to prevent it falling into decay. Their hope is that Communism will fail and that Russia, returning to Orthodoxy and Imperialism, will come to their rescue.

The Igumen continued to talk. "And we can hardly expect the number of the faithful to increase, for the children go to schools where nearly everyone is a Lutheran and antagonistic to our Church. We have, for some years, had a school for boys of Orthodox families who come here from ten to sixteen. We have Finns to teach them the ordinary schooling and recently have begun a service a month in

Finnish. If any of these boys wish to become monks and we think they are suitable, they will then have a chance. But we recognize very clearly that a monastic life is only for a few. That is why we have such a long novitiate. At least they go back to the world with a real knowledge of their religion and well trained in various crafts—farming, bootmaking, carpentry, printing and others.

"Some miles along the coast there is a Nunnery of Orthodox Sisters, where we would like to start a girls' school, in order that the young women may be confirmed in the faith, but we have difficulties in find-



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat
Valamo breathes a spirit of peace, meditation and seclusion, as the air is flooded by the northern sun with mellow light and by the evening bell with echoes of the past

ing Orthodox women who are trained in modern methods. In the past we have done good work, praise be to God, and we hope to continue it in the future, but that hope is dim. We are lucky that the Finnish Government does not make us pay taxes, as our income is now seriously reduced because pilgrims are poor and few.

"There have been great changes here. At one time there were a number of hermits, following the example of the founders, but few remain and their places are not being filled. You must be sure to visit the abandoned hermitage which we have carefully covered with a house of logs built exactly like the original. And in the museum you will see the irons which bound the feet of a certain hermit who had made a vow to remain in one part of the forest over long periods."

The Igumen spoke earnestly of these devoted men, but his bright eyes seemed to suggest that more practical devotions

might be equally acceptable in these modern days. Several times his secretary came into the room, a tall thin young man with fine waving hair and the eyes of a mystic; but he looked so much like a dreamy, gentle girl that he seemed quite out of place in this masculine world. It was strange to be sitting in that room, the Igumen on one side, a Russian by birth but a churchman by training, a king of his islands and lord of the souls of thousands of people, speaking quietly of the time when his kingdom might be no more; and, on the other side the ex-Russian who had been a man of great possessions and position, but who now, without a country, without money and without position, was glad to earn a little extra during the summer. In this eastern part of Finland are many refugees who work in the pulp mills. Some of them once had luxurious summer homes by the lakes, for in old days Finland was a popular resort for the richer Russians.



By courtesy of Suomen-Matkat

On some of the smaller islands are churches and hermitages where monks lead solitary lives



erritt-Hawkes

The vegetation is extremely luxuriant and many rare plants are found. This monk has been to the woods to pick a bunch of pale cream orchids called 'Violets of the Night', on account of their delicate, penetrating fragrance

By courtesy of Suomen-Ma

There are two cemeteries, an old and a new, set in the woods which surround the monastery buildings. The crosses which mark the spots where the monks of Valamo have been laid to rest are all gaily painted



Many of these large houses have been turned into flats for workmen. Some of the refugees are unhappy because of old memories but others have accepted the new conditions philosophically.

When I rose to go the Abbot blessed me and held out his hand which I touched with my forehead. "We are of different races, different religions, but we are all the children of God. We are one family." It had been cold and quiet in those rooms, but outside the sun shone fiercely and some noisy visitors were hilariously tormenting a monk who was obviously feeble-minded.

I walked away under a lovely avenue of trees. There are many on the islands; evidently someone liked planting them along the roads, in odd unexpected places, feeling perhaps, as many a layman has felt, that he would live again when others walked under and enjoyed his trees. And there are trees in the two cemeteries where the monks lie close together, at each head a wooden cross, painted so gaily that they take away the terror of death. Churches of various sizes are scattered about, some with bells that sound far beyond the islands. "Perhaps the sound reaches to heaven," said one monk. "Certainly at times the people in Finland can hear." And here and there are little shrines in small wooden houses.

The boys, when out of school, were

everywhere, walking, rowing, sitting on the cliffs watching the steamers coming and going, tasting at second-hand the secular life of the mainland. They too wore long gowns, long hair and ecclesiastical caps.

The busiest place, on Sunday, is the curio shop, which is full of odd and un-beautiful things made by the monks. In wood there are toys, carved plaques, curious walking sticks; in metal there are crosses, chains, pots and there are paintings of the monastery and the islands. As I looked at them I wondered if the artist did them to please himself or his potential customers. Much skill and care goes in creating no beauty.

A young man bought a little cross on a chain. "This is for you," he said to his girl, a fair-haired Finn dressed in a bright peasant costume. "Won't you put it on?" she asked shyly. His fingers trembled, he blushed, but around her neck it soon hung, and hand in hand they went off to the woods.

The visit ends, as it began, by a journey in the little boat. On arriving there is anticipation and curiosity; on leaving there is regret, and perhaps a little awe, at having been present at the passing of an old order, of something that has been a great force and will soon have disappeared.



All photographs by Quick

Authority—a Dyak priest arrayed in his ceremonial headdress and apes'-hair cloak





Samuel, a primitive, from the forests of Borneo



Impudence—his empty ear awaits the decoration of manhood, a wild beast's tooth



Assurance—the village belle is languidly sure of herself and her conquests to come



Doubt—the one thing a Dyak child need not wonder about is clothes



Depression—her adornments seem nevertheless to be weighing this damsel down



The Dyaks of Central Borneo

by BARON VICTOR VON PLESSSEN

It is easy to think of head-hunters as having little in common with ourselves; but here is an article which shows the same human types among the Dyaks as in any Western community: the man who accepts responsibility from which others shrink—the magician-priest, arbiter between gods and men—and reaps the consequent rewards; the fighter for whose combative energies an outlet as harmless to society as possible must be found; the child that has to be given a hair of the social dog which is going to bite it. Experienced and wise, the Dutch administration seeks to reform, rather than abolish, the ancient customs of the land

"At high-water there is malaria, at low-water dysentery, and no wound ever heals there," the experienced old doctor had told us when we interviewed him before setting off for Central Borneo. We did not believe him then, but today, looking back, I must admit that he did not say too much! And how our friends envied us as we said good-bye to Europe one rainy autumn day!

One has many false ideas of life in the tropics. Looking through my travel notes, I find the following entry, made at the end of a four months' stay: 'Almost all members of the expedition have for weeks had open, suppurating wounds on both legs, caused by bloodthirsty leeches. In addition, sitting still in the humid, sultry heat gives rise to a state of irritability which is often the first stage of tropical frenzy. This irritability is aggravated by sleeplessness, which is rendered the more unpleasant by the many noises of the night. When the sounds of the day have subsided, the dogs of the little village in which we have lived for many months contrive by their many-voiced howling to keep us awake. Or they jump over the cunningly arranged barricade on the steps into the house and try to ferret out scraps from the evening meal. Thereupon a tin box or plate falls to the ground with a clatter. Alarmed by the noise, the intruder tries to make off, but becomes stuck in the bamboo screen of the door and begins to howl in such a heart-rending manner that one of us has to get up and set him free. This happens usually at 1 A.M. The flashing of lamps attracts

myriads of insects. At three o'clock all the cocks of the neighbourhood have apparently assembled for a crowing competition outside our house. As a precautionary measure, we have taken stones to our bedrooms the evening before, and are thus in a position to disperse them quickly. A little later, when we are enjoying our first sleep, the earliest villagers begin to leave their houses and in doing so have little consideration for tired, enervated Europeans. All thought of sleep must then be dismissed, as the forest and its inhabitants also awake.'

The interior of this vast island—more than three times as large as Great Britain—is inhabited by a number of tribes, of which the most important numerically are the Dyaks. A sharp distinction must be drawn between these and the Punans. The Dyak is the more cultured, the more capable and the cleverer; the Punan possesses only instinctive intelligence. He is a creature of the forest, fights shy of water and seldom comes near European settlements. As a hunter he is without equal; moreover, he is not unskilled, for he weaves his clothing very artistically from soft tree bark and various fibres. The significance of money is unknown to him; I once gave a Punan a few coins for a small service he had rendered me, and he thanked me delightedly. When I asked him what he would buy with the money he looked at me, puzzled, and said he was glad to have the coins because they were exactly the right size to use as weights for his fishing-line! Lucky mortals, who regard money

only as ballast in the true sense of the word.

The importance of the canoe in the life of the Dyak cannot be over-estimated. As the villages lie close to the rivers and the rice-fields lie either up or down the river, the best connection is the waterway. Also the transport of goods and hunting expeditions is carried out by means of canoes.

The Eskimo is an adept on the water, but the Dyak deserves an even greater measure of admiration. It is really astounding what these 'savages' can do with their canoes among the cataracts of the torrential rivers. Even the *prau* (a dug-out canoe) is made by the Dyak himself, and he is as much master of the art of boat-making as of weapon-making. One can scarcely imagine a more laborious task than that of fashioning a *prau*. A suitable tree-trunk is cut down, and a hollow is chiselled and burnt out. At length the side walls become quite thin, and these are made higher with twigs interwoven with rattan; slits and holes are 'cemented' with tree bark. Usually the Dyak rows his boat sitting, but if he wants to go quickly or if he gets into rapids he paddles in a standing position. His sense of equilibrium and his capacity for preventing the canoe from capsizing in the most difficult circumstances are marvellous, although he achieves all this with only a slight swaying of the hips.

Like the Eskimo, the Dyak can board his canoe from the water. It is a remarkable sight to watch the water sports of the young people and even of the women. They are excellent swimmers and can hold out for a long time even against the strongest currents.

It is interesting to note the suspension of activities caused by a crocodile. If a crocodile is lying on the river bank, the Dyak will not enter the water because he believes the animal has seen him and would attack him. Yet he bathes happily in the river so long as no crocodile is visible. On the suggestion that there might nevertheless be one in the water, he smiles pityingly and says that it has not seen him going into the water—and it almost seems as if crocodiles do act up to the expectations of the native.

The Dyak also surpasses the Punan in the art of house-building. The so-called long houses, in which several families live, are models of 'primitive' architecture. They stand on strong posts about ten feet high. There are many reasons for this: one, the snakes; another, the high tides which constantly threaten to engulf the *kampongs* (village communities) situated near water. But the chief reason is the unhealthy ground mists and the fever-laden vapours of the jungle which rise after sunset owing to the dampness and heat. There is certainly a dry season in Borneo, but it can be said without exaggeration that it rains every day for three-quarters of the year, morning, afternoon and evening. Rain in Borneo is torrential. Often the rivers rise thirty feet within a few hours, flood the land and sweep away everything in their course. Giant trees from the primeval forest and whole sections of the woods are carried along by the floods, together with livestock which has been drowned or crushed to death.

The building of a long house is accompanied by ceremonies of all kinds. Needless to say, the work cannot be begun without the consent of the priest, who must





All photographs by Qu...

Numerous navigable rivers play an important part in the physical conformation of Borneo, radiating from high mountain ranges in the centre of the island. The jungle villages of the Dyaks, the principal inhabitants, lie close to the rivers, which form the chief means of communication; they are crossed on precarious bridges of plaited lianas





A great part of Dyak life is lived on the rivers and both men and women excel in the handling of boats. Some of the rivers are much interrupted by falls and rapids, up which the frail prau (dug-out canoe) must be carefully handled. (Left) A Dyak fisherman hauling in his circular casting-net, edged with small weights

first assure himself, by the flight of birds, of the approval of the gods. For a fortnight boards and beams lie by the riverside while the villagers await the signal to begin. At last permission is given to start. The thirty families for whom the new dwelling is destined enlist the help of friends and relations, who dare not refuse. During the building a drum is beaten continually—a most welcome occupation for small boys—so that throughout this time the song of the birds cannot be heard. Large quantities of wine and spirits are consumed while work is in progress. In two days the house is ready for habitation; the long hall has its wooden floor and the partitions of the thirty dwellings are erected. Just beside the entrance, behind a wooden screen by the fireplace among

the ashes and dirt, is a low cubicle. This is the place where, in a crouching position, the women have to bear their children. Next to it are more cubicles, according to the number of families; these are the sleeping-places. The whole is made of roughly hewn planks or tree-trunks with large interstices. In front of these cubicles is an open space, in the middle of which is another fireplace where the family cooks its food or to which it retires if it does not wish to sit outside in the large hall with the rest of the community. If there is a fresh green branch on the outside of the door, this means that the family is in communion with the spirits and that no one may come in. Inside the house are calabashes and earthenware cooking vessels over the hearth; on the walls are beautifully



The Dyak usually paddles his prau sitting, but if he wants to go quickly or gets into rapids he rises to a standing position



The entrance to each village is guarded against evil spirits by a high totem pole representing a warrior with sword and shield—large enough and fierce enough to intimidate the boldest spirit!



In the villages the long houses are built on posts, as a protection against snakes and scorpions, against floods, and especially against the unhealthy fever-laden ground mists and vapours of the jungle. Ladders made from a single notched tree-trunk lead up to the thatched dwellings



plaited baskets, which the natives wear like rucksacks when they carry them home filled with fruit. In another corner of the room stand bamboo canes with drinking and cooking water, a fishing-net, the long blow-pipe, which is also used as a spear, some roughly fashioned knives and chop-pers. That is all that is to be found in such a room. High up on the walls are shelves on which firewood is piled; the larger the supply, the more industrious the housewife. Such a house must be consecrated and for this purpose a *mammât* festival, to which I shall presently refer, must take place. The necessity for this festival is not diminished by the fact that the priest benefits by some appetizing animal sacrifices.

When an animal is sacrificed, only the head is offered to the gods, and the body, roasted, finds its way to the stomach of the priest as a reward. I myself once made a 'sacrifice' to one of these sly priests. In front of our hut there stood on a post a figure, armed with sword and shield, which was designed to ward off illness. The old village magician had assured me with lengthy arguments that in order to impart inspiration and power to the figure a bloody sacrifice was necessary. So I ordered my cook to choose a particularly fine fowl for the sacrifice, but to wait until the evening for the killing and eating. The priest appeared, cut off the hen's head and proceeded to consecrate the offering to the accompaniment of grotesque dances and oaths. My cook was about to put the rest of the hen into the pot when the old villain seized it with an ingratiating smile and made off home gleefully with our supper. Since then I have set aside for sacrificial purposes only my oldest fowls. But so numerous are the gods of the natives of Borneo that the finding of motives for sacrifice presents no problem to the priest. For every possible activity of a Dyak there is a god; that is to say, everything he does and everything he does not do is ruled over by a god. From this we may gather that

the village priest is a very busy man. Apart from the many festivals which are celebrated in arbitrary sequence at least once a month, he has constantly to combine his necromancy with a priest's dance, for only when he is in a trance can he converse with the gods and spirits and hear their answers.

Such priestly activities take place only when several 'customers' are forthcoming. The natives assemble in the priest's hut, and he begins his dance to the monotonous music of two guitars; in full war-array, with sword and shield and magnificent head-dress, the *dajong* (priest) revolves in the small space before the fire. The dance goes on for almost two hours; then and only then does the priest fall into a trance; frequently he continues to dance for another four or five hours until he falls down exhausted. During this trance-dance a dialogue goes on between him and the gods. When he is awaiting an answer, he puts his ear to his sword, as though it were a telephone receiver; as he converses with the gods in gibberish he is obliged to translate to the natives what the gods have ordained. He foretells evil and makes unpleasant prophecies; frequently he demands a sacrifice during the dance, slaughters the animal and uses the head to smear the Dyaks who are seeking advice. In the same way he heals the sick and consecrates a new piece of land. Now and then he works 'magic', since, being a magician as well as a priest, he is possessed of considerable manual dexterity. During the dance he may produce 'magically', from a cleverly concealed paper, pebbles, ears of corn or heads of animals, which he professes to have brought forth from the sick man's body or from the soil of the fields.

Although one may look upon this trance-like condition as humbug, one is nevertheless almost inclined to believe in it. For although the priest sometimes, especially when the spirits have a bad day and predict nothing but evil, dances for an hour at a time with bare feet in contact with



The Dyaks, estimated to number 2,500,000, are of the same race as the Malays and are probably the aborigines of Borneo; they are lighter in colour than the typical Malay

fire, there is never the slightest sign of his feet having been burnt. The explanation may perhaps lie in some suggestion of the will which arises from the state of trance.

Sometimes the priest conjures up water in the hollow of his shield, which to the natives appears to be an equally great miracle, but the explanation is quite simple. During the dance he spits into his shield, and as he has previously drunk large quantities of wine and spirits, and has chewed *siri*, he is able to produce a considerable amount of liquid. If the priest does not reach an agreement with the spirits, he plays dice with them to settle the question. A favourite trick is the famous magic egg dance. The priest

dances round with the egg for a time and finally breaks it on the head of one of the natives sitting around him. To the astonishment of all, it contains water. To the European it is clear that a specially prepared egg is used.

In recent years, since missionaries have converted large numbers of Dyaks to Christianity, it frequently happens that the converts interrupt the magician's performance with ironical remarks. Yet in the inmost heart of even the converted Dyak remains a terrible fear of his tribal gods, and it will take many years to make true Christians out of the once notorious head-hunters of Borneo.

The prohibition of head-hunting is an



A wedding. At a feast given to the whole community, the village chief blesses the pair, who swear faith holding a sword. A sacrificial animal is held ready in the foreground

instance of how modern colonial rule can bring about the 'modernization' of old, bloodthirsty customs which have been the cause of the yearly sacrifice of thousands of lives. Head-hunting was forbidden in Borneo five years ago. Dyaks, Punans and the other tribes conformed to this law without protest, not out of fear of the whites, but because of an inherent respect for justice and honour. As they recognize the white man to be the cleverer and mightier, so must his command also be regarded as wise and powerful. It is true that in the depths of the unexplored jungle a man may still occasionally fall victim to the poisoned arrow, but it seems probable that before long every tribe will have accepted the standards of conduct imposed by the steadily advancing whites.

But what replaces head-hunting for the Dyak and the Punan? For him the taking of a head means the beginning of man-

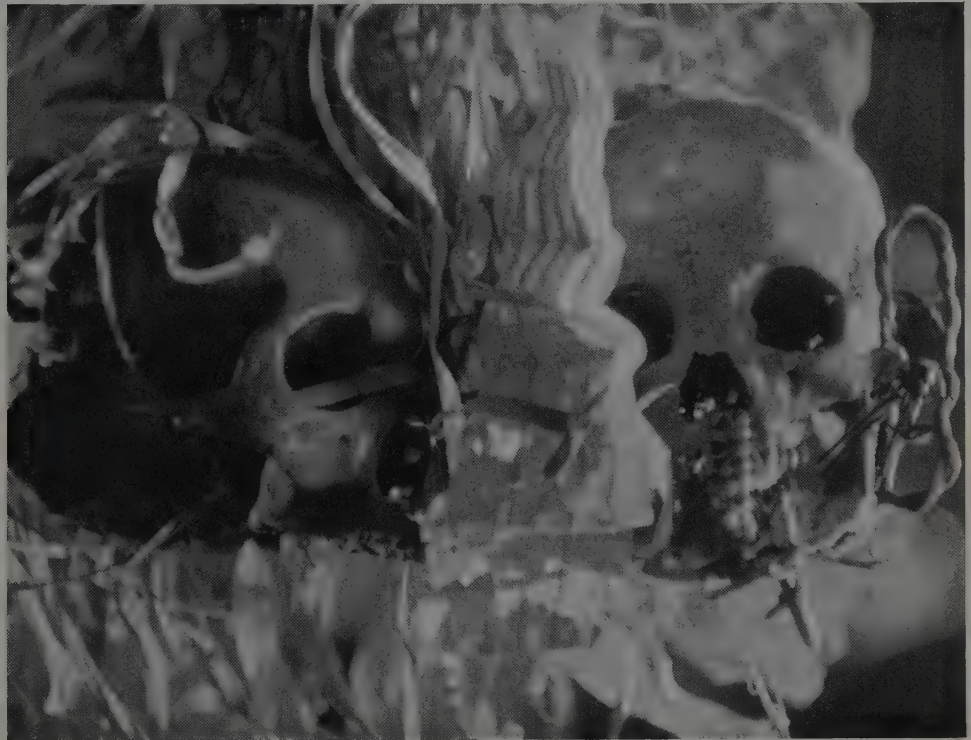
hood, the right to marry and the possibility of becoming a tribal chief. When he can produce the first head cut off by his own hand, he is entitled to wear on his head the gaily coloured feathers of the rhinoceros-bird, to put on more ornaments and to complete the tattooing on his thighs. But the captured head is not only a war trophy, it is at the same time an addition to the household; for in the view of the native the number of heads in a family plays a very important part, and the family is increased by each new capture, since in a sense the slaughtered man becomes a member of it. The native very frequently qualifies for the position of chief by reason of the size of his family.

It was therefore very difficult for the Government to discover a satisfactory substitute for head-hunting. An old colonist found a solution to the problem by introducing the festival of *mammot* (the festival of

purification). The date is determined by the priest, who is guided by various premonitory signs and the number of marriageable young natives. The day is fixed after consultation with the chief and the oldest inhabitant of the village, who is at the same time a confidant of the Government. The native is awakened by a sonorous rolling of drums; he knows from the rhythm the nature of the day's business and begins at once to prepare for the feast. In the morning a large decorated canoe arrives at the village, and a number of skulls hanging in baskets made of palm fibre are brought to the chief by children. These heads are trophies of many years ago and may only be brought out on these

days; for all other festivals only the containers are used as symbols. These old skulls are kept, numbered and registered by the Government.

In the evening the whole village assembles in the chief's dwelling. Around the fire lie the skulls. First the two- and three-year-old children are blessed, then the warriors. They lay the heads of poultry beside the skulls, and thus bring their sacrifice, which is equivalent to having taken a head. They are sprinkled with blood and can now carry their swords as stout warriors of their tribe. When the young people have again zigzagged through the village carrying the heads, the feasting begins and continues until morning. The natives



Head-hunting is now forbidden, but is still connected in Dyak ceremonial with the attainment of manhood. At the mammat (purification) festival the skulls of former victims are hung up in palm baskets



The mammat is primarily a young people's ceremony: after being blessed by the chief and carrying the skulls through the village they start feasting—and go on till morning. (Below) The young warriors must take a child's hand and point a spear at one of the skulls, while the child receives rice and palm wine, to give it strength and intelligence in later life





The village chief sprinkles the blood of the sacrificed animal over the young warriors

have the satisfaction of having initiated a band of young warriors with fitting ceremony and the Government has averted massacre among the natives.

Similarly, the Government had to find a substitute for the former gory festival of peace. With this end in view, slaughter in warfare was forbidden and a bloodless outlet for warlike instincts was substituted. In each district arbitrators were appointed to settle small everyday disputes. When one realizes that the native of Borneo is a model of honesty, that stealing, deceit or murder for motives of avarice are unknown, it is obvious that only domestic disputes and matters connected with women give rise to quarrels. Domestic disputes usually occur owing to failure of crops: a villager has to lend a neighbour grain for seed; the borrower does not repay the debt promptly or cannot repay

it at all. A similar situation arises when a whole village community has to make a loan to a neighbouring village. When only single persons are involved, an arbitrator decides, but if the dispute is between two villages, the two chiefs and two arbitrators meet together in council and come to an agreement. Then the festival of peace begins. Disputes about women are not so easily settled. The native of Borneo may only marry one woman in his own village, but can also be married once in each of the surrounding villages. It is his duty, however, to support his wife. The wife's parents have the right to seize their son-in-law as a security. This gives ample occasion for disputes. And, as many villages are interested in the settlement of such differences, it is only reasonable that peace should be suitably celebrated. The priest decides from the



Now that Borneo has been pacified under the Dutch administration, the Dyak warrior requires only a minimum of weapons. His traditional armament includes a shield covered with human and apes' hair and a sword or spear—

flight of birds that it is better to make peace than to go on fighting—quite apart from the fact that he has the prospect of an honorarium in the shape of several fowls. So the chief, the arbitrator and the defendant set off with presents to the neighbouring village, to demonstrate their desire for peace. After long discussion, the matter is declared to be settled, and the festival can begin. After the preliminary ceremonies, the priests of both villages go to the chief of the neighbouring village, cut a small wound in his arm and collect the blood in a receptacle made of bamboo, from which the two chiefs drink; then they exchange swords and, after being smeared with blood, they change places. Thereupon the dancing and feasting begin. So both parties are satisfied: the natives have their peace festival and the Government is spared the necessity of inflicting punish-

ment for warlike excesses on the part of its subjects.

Since the pacification of Borneo the natives require only a minimum of weapons: the sword (*mandau*), the spear and the blow-pipe with poisoned arrows. The Dyaks and Punans make these themselves, and the average native is a master in the art of weapon-making. The most interesting part of this industry is the process of making blow-pipes and poisoned arrows. For the pipe hard logwood is used. A trunk twelve to sixteen inches in girth and six or seven feet long is hung on a tree at a height of about ten feet from the ground. Under it, in the branches, a platform is constructed, upon which the Dyak kneels in order to be able to bore a hole through the trunk from underneath. This work would probably be easier to do from above or horizontally,

but the Dyak does nothing without a reason. If he were to bore from above downwards, he would have to undo the trunk from time to time to remove the wood chips from the pipe, whereas if he works from underneath they fall to the ground of themselves. When the channel has been bored, the tree-trunk is whittled away, with the help of sword and knife, until of the original sixteen inches' thickness there remains only about two. The blow-pipe is complete.

The preparation of arrow poison is a carefully guarded family secret; only the men know the recipe. The poison is mixed at night outside the village and its ingredients are such that the muscles of the victim, and not the blood, are affected. In a very short time death comes as a result of impaired action of the heart muscles, so that the native hunter can safely consume his prey. Each poisoned arrow is wrapped in a thick palm-leaf and kept carefully in the quiver; for in spite of the fact that the native knows a great deal about mixing poison he has not yet found an antidote to it, and it sometimes happens that someone wounds himself and dies in terrible agony. It will be seen how splendidly the native of Borneo can handle the blow-pipe from the fact that he can hit a small bird at a distance of forty yards. It must also be taken into consideration that while he is 'shooting' he holds the very heavy blow-pipe with one hand only.

As with all primitive peoples, a certain taste for physical beauty is developed in the native of Borneo. Tattooing and ear ornamentation are its chief characteristics. This method of embellishment may be regarded as a bad custom, since every year hundreds of people suffer horribly because of it. No matter in how skilled a manner the tattooing or ear-piercing is carried out, little importance is attached to hygiene. Tattooing with sharp iron needles causes hideous suffering. In the case of girls, tattooing is begun at a very early age and the process goes on from week to week,

in spite of swellings and suppurating inflammation, the result of the instruments having been dipped in a black caustic tincture. To add to the torture myriads of flies and mosquitoes cluster round and find their way into every open sore. In the case of men tattooing is only begun after their initiation as warriors.



—but his principal weapon is the blow-pipe for poisoned arrows, as heavy as a rifle, which he holds with one hand, pressing his lips to the mouthpiece with the other

Decoration of the ears begins at the same time in both boys and girls. The upper wall of the ear and the lobe are pierced and into the holes are pushed small pieces of bamboo which are later replaced by the teeth of animals. Weights are hung on the lobes of the ears. For the boy these are light, for the girl they are heavier, so that after some years the lobes reach down over the shoulders. Girls are tattooed outside the village and, during the process, are regarded as taboo. It is permissible for them to weep and scream in their pain, whereas the boy must control himself unless he wishes to be branded for life as a coward and a weakling. As the natives never use a clean instrument and as dressings are unknown to them, it is remarkable that large numbers of children do not die as a result of these beauty operations. The

native, in fact, leaves all the healing of disease to the gods. He can only treat everyday accidents, if need arises, with herbs and roots; he can perhaps set a broken arm or leg—usually wrongly—and leave it to heal. If a sick man recovers, thanks are given to the gods; if he dies, this also is the work of the gods.

In spite of the influence of missionaries, who in any case limit their activities to the coastal villages, the fear of death survives in the heart of the Dyak or Punan. But it is not bodily anguish which impresses him most; he is concerned with what will happen to his soul. He regards it as a certainty that his soul will fly away and enter into some other thing or some other body; that of an animal or another human being. Anything connected with human death is therefore disturbing to the native.



Medical treatment. Weak or sick children are made to bathe for hours at a time in the health-giving mud by the rivers



A funeral procession, carrying the decorated coffin to the dead-house, set deep in the forest

Burial and funeral rites in a village accordingly bear special significance; this is obvious from the wild sounding of gongs and beating of drums as well as from the funeral chant with its weird, hollow melodies; and from the eating and drinking of the men, accompanied by the loud wailing of the women. The two contradictory rites are carried out simultaneously—on the one hand rejoicing and excess, on the other mourning and abstinence.

With the help of friends, the son makes the coffin for the deceased. A stout tree-trunk is felled and split in half. In one half a hole is cut. Measurements are seldom taken, so that often the corpse has to be squeezed into the coffin. This is not consigned to the earth, but to the dead-house which, like all other buildings, stands on high posts in a lonely spot far away in the virgin forest—the further away the better, for the native does not wish to be reminded of death. As a result of the heat, the body decomposes very rapidly, so that there is no time for it to become the prey of the wild cat. Before the coffin is closed and transported to the dead-house, the funeral rites take place. In the 'long house', where the dead man dwelt, the body is propped up in its usual place against a post. The priest invokes the

spirits and asks the gods to allow the soul of the deceased to pass into a good new body. Then comes the funeral sermon, followed by the feast for the dead. The stage has now been reached when the distribution of the property of the dead man may begin. All his belongings are spread out around the sitting corpse. The priest grasps the hand of the dead man, points to an object and then to one of the inheritors. This means that the dead man has bequeathed his sword or his blow-pipe or his ornaments to this person. The process goes on with one object after another until even the last button has found a new owner. Land is divided in the same manner, and for this purpose the body is often carried outside the door in order that full justice may be done. Even when a Dyak dies outside his village, funeral rites and the distribution of property are carried out with full ceremonial. The priest is always legal adviser and executor of the will; he is always correct and fair! After twenty-four hours the dead man is forgotten and everyone goes about his work as usual. Only the priest sits thoughtfully in front of his hut, wondering how he can demand another animal sacrifice from one or other of his people.

A Journey to the Hadhramaut.

II.

by FREYA STARK

In our October number Miss Stark recounted the history of the little-known land to which she made her latest journey and the earlier stages of this, from the Arabian coast at Makalla over the upland wilderness of the Jöl into the Wadi Do'an. Her present article describes the life—political, agricultural and domestic—of the Hadhramaut's hidden valleys and the further progress of her journey towards the cities of Shibam, Sewun and Tarim, with which she will deal in a third article, to be published next month

As one descends the steep paths from the Jöl, scooped in the precipice-sides of the wadis, their rough cobbles smoothed by the passage of millions of feet through centuries of time, one passes almost with the strangeness and suddenness of a dream from one world to another. The Jöl had seemed timeless, unchanged now from the days before Abraham, a place where the nomads of the Stone Age might meet my Beduin without surprise on either side: but as we left the rocks and made through tilled fields for the palm glades that carpet the wadi, we skipped many centuries and found ourselves in the feudal society of Do'an, where from their fortress of Masna'a the governors for the Qe'aiti Sultan of

Makalla hold sway over the cities of the valley.

These little cities were visible now, clustering for defence against the wadi walls, like beehives worked in the same earth of which their background was made. The sides of the wadi consist of a glacis of sandstone running up to limestone cliffs, and the small towns, which have ceased warring one against the other only within the last few years, stand as it were with their backs to the wall, their topmost parapets under the very overhang of the cliff behind them. But the fortress of Masna'a where the Ba Surra, the governors, live, juts out on a spur and overlooks the little towns both up and down the valley.





All photographs by Freya Stark

Robat, in the Wadi Do'an, is typical of the little cities at the southern end of the Hadhramaut valleys, which cluster for defence against the steep sides of the wadi and stand—



—‘with their backs to the wall, their topmost parapets under the very overhang of the cliff’



Along the floor of the valleys runs a carpet of cultivation. Little corn is grown in the Wadi Do'an, but further north, in the Wadi Hadrhramaut itself, there are long stretches of good crops

The richest wadis are those which are filled with palms. Much labour is devoted to these trees; they must be fertilized artificially and elaborately irrigated. Such is their value that a single tree may be worth over £36





In the less well-watered districts the 'ilb or nebk tree is cultivated, for fodder and for timber

The secret of Ba Surra rule is that they are tribal chieftains as well as civil governors. They belong, like their kinsmen the Murshidi, to the Kor Saiban, and the Beduin west of Do'an are devoted to them, call them 'father', and look upon them as a Highlander used to look to the chief of his clan. Their personal bodyguard is made up of clansmen who, dressed Beduin fashion but with cartridge belts well filled, lounge about the carved gates and winding dusty ways of the old fortress, which is more like a village than a single building on its spur.

Below it, in feudal dependence, lie the winding acres of palm glades and tillage that fill the wadi floor: the torrent bed, flowing only after summer rains, traces a course of white boulders in their midst, almost invisible and overhung with palm fronds.

There are three different sorts of agricultural landscape in the Hadhramaut—palm, corn, or *nebk* glades—and the richest wadis are those which are filled with palms. Much labour is devoted to these trees: they have to be fertilized artificially one by one, by peasants who climb barefoot and sprinkle the heavy bunches with spathes of pollen, as they do in Iraq: the irrigation is a constant labour, since every tree must be surrounded by its own particular moat, whose water in flood time is regulated by a network of small canals and sluices. The murmuring of all these little streams must make the palm groves delicious in late summer or autumn: Von Wrede, the only traveller to venture at this hot season, constantly mentions the charm of running water both in the cultivated valleys and in the wild and uninhabited ravines.

The cultivation of corn does not appear to begin until one comes to the more northern open reaches of Wadi Do'an; most of it is sparse and poor, but, in the great Wadi Hadhramaut itself, there are long stretches with well-filled ears, that ripen rapidly in the hot Arabian air. Five

months only lie between the sowing and the reaping; the men harvest it squatting on their hams, holding with the left hand while, with their right, they pull on a small sickle whose inconvenient shape, not round but angular, with a few clumsy teeth in the centre, suggests some ancient derivation from a pre-metal age when flint saw-teeth used to be set in bone. Two such stone teeth, cut in obsidian, I found later in the ruins of Meshed.

The third sort of cultivation in the Hadhramaut, that of the '*ilb* or *nebk* tree (*zyziphus spina Christi*) belongs to the less well-watered districts and stretches away towards the deserty regions where, as Maqrizi already observed in his time, the



The hard, close-grained wood of the nebk tree has long been used for the carved doors of the old-fashioned Hadhramaut houses

tribes rely for their harvests on the rain—*i.e.* there is no artificial irrigation. This author speaks of the *'ilb* and its value, and it must have been used for many centuries to supply the joists and supports, the carved doors, columns and wainscoting which beautify the old-fashioned houses of the land. It is a dark, hard, close-grained wood, and I have seen it in Iraq also, where they considered it unlucky to cut the *nebk* tree. It provides small insipid fruit: the Beduin grind them to powder and carry them as provision on their raids when they wish to travel light—their little shepherdesses pluck and eat the berries and beat down the leaves of the tree to feed their flocks, for it is often the only green object in the arid regions where it grows.

Women do a good deal of the labour of the land—the Beduin shepherdesses go about unveiled, wound in trailing black draperies that catch in every thorn-bush;

they carry long poles to beat down their fodder from the trees and a small round basket for their food. They spend their days among their speckled goats in cheerful idleness until, towards sunset, they draw each flock together and make for their villages in converging lines along the causeways or across the stones. Peasant women of the settled lands also help in the labour of the fields, but with the added impedimenta of a black cloth with eye-slits over their face, and the shade of a pointed hat, like a witch's, above it. I have seen them sowing, planting, harvesting and threshing—or at least helping with the sheaves while their men led a slow camel round and round over the threshing-floor and prostrate ears of corn. In the towns the poorest women's labour is to carry water-skins, or refuse, or to go out to the nearest scrub and collect thorns for firewood: and the very poorest will help in



Peasant women, wearing black cloths over their faces and high witch-like hats, at work in the cornfields



To collect and carry bundles of thorns for firewood is labour for the poorest of women

the drawing of water from the wells, the meanest labour of the land.

In ancient times, when the great prosperity of the incense and Indian trade made these regions more worth attending to than now, it is probable that dams or reservoirs in the side valleys, like the tanks of Aden, helped to store water for irrigation: such reservoirs are reported above Masna'a, and not far from Sewuñ in the Great Wadi. I have no doubt that many will be discovered in time: the formation of the land and the narrowness of the gullies make their construction particularly easy, and any modern scheme of irrigation would probably revive the ancient system. But the country at present is too poor to undertake works on so large a scale, though all the responsible people I spoke to admitted their desirability. At present there is a difference in the irrigation of narrow valleys like Do'an and of the wide spaces of the Wadi Hadhramaut itself.

Do'an is nearer the watershed and can rely on a *seil* or torrent to cover its white boulders once a year after the summer rains; it counts on it, prepares and sows the ground, and grows the millet and date crops on this one watering. For the rest it relies on the deep (and unhygienic) wells of the towns and on such springs as trickle out of the cliff-face from the Jöl. These springs make travel easy in the Hadhramaut, since pure water is nearly always within reach at the side of the cliff. In the Great Wadi the *seil* or torrent-water comes only once in so many years and often with gathered and destructive volume. Allowance is made for it: the garden and even the city walls are built with holes to let it through, and ditches to conduct it. But most of the water is drawn up from wells in leather buckets, where men or camels or donkeys walk all day up and down an inclined plane to a creaking plaintive sound of pulleys, perhaps the most

Perhaps the most characteristic sound in a thirsty land is the creaking of pulleys as men or animals walk up and down an inclined plane, drawing water from the wells. In this, the meanest of labour, poor women of the town assist: 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'—the humiliation is still felt in the East



Water is distributed in water-skins on human backs or those of donkeys. Save for a torrent once a year after the summer rains, and an occasional spring trickling from the cliff-face, water only runs in the valleys of the Hadhramaut when it has first been raised by human agency





Water-boy: on the house-top, to which water is being lifted



Peculiar to Hajarain are the beehive-shaped water reservoirs which are filled at flood-time

characteristic sound in that thirsty land. The water here is found anywhere, not many yards below the surface of the ground, and in the lower reaches of the Wadi, travelled by Mr and Mrs Ingrams, it blossoms out into a permanent stream.

No sight that I have seen in Hadhramaut is so complete in its luxuriance as the palm-filled valley of Do'an. From the six windows of my room in the fortress I looked out on it for many days, for I was here smitten down by an epidemic of measles, which alternates with smallpox, they told me, and sweeps away large numbers of the children every three or four years. I was delirious at night, when I locked myself into my room with a huge wooden key; but by day my mind was clear, though the fever remained high, and I was able to crawl out of bed and sit on the floor to lunch or dine with the two governors, who daily honoured their harim by their company during my stay.

Sometimes they would bring one or two

others among the more broad-minded Sayyids of the valley, and as we sat there in so pleasant an intimacy I used to think how much easier it is for a woman to get into touch with Eastern life than for a man, who rarely penetrates beyond the formal atmosphere of the public guest-room. A man is not only handicapped by the fact that he cannot talk to the women and so misses one half of the life altogether, but he meets even the men only in more or less public places, where the whole village is listening to every word that is said; and I have often noticed the difference of my hosts' 'guest room' manner and their easy, unguarded geniality in the harim.

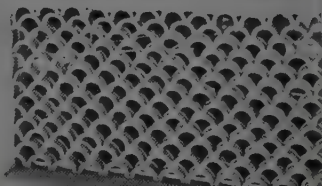
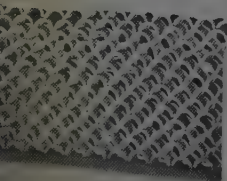
Not that the harim was by any means a private place. No sooner had I been induced by repeated knockings outside and the pangs of hunger within to open my door in the morning, than a stream of ladies, slaves, Beduin girls, sick, aged men and women and Mahmud the doorkeeper came pouring through, and continued to



The ceilings in the Hadhramaut palaces are supported on carved wooden pillars, for the nebk tree does not furnish rafters large enough to carry the whole width of a room



Mud is the chief building material used with whitewash to great decorative effect



Mud, slightly stiffened with an admixture of straw, makes the shallow bricks that are laid out in rows to dry in the sun—of mud, too, is the delicate tracery of this parapet in the town of Sif

A JOURNEY TO THE HADHRAMAUT

do so for the rest of the day; the atmosphere was much more like that of a bus or railway station than a sick-room for infectious diseases.

The room itself was typical of the older Hadhramaut fashion. It was panelled along its inner wall with carved *nebk* wood, dark with age, and embossed with large nails of iron tinned to look silvery. Recesses to hold a store of blankets and pillows were left in the wainscoting and a carved arch-way framed the door. The *nebk* tree cannot furnish rafters large enough to carry the whole width of a room—hence the charming fashion of wooden pillars, elaborately carved. The ceiling itself is sustained on slats of palm wood, arranged in a her-ring-bone pattern, and the floor, covered with mats and rugs, is made of mud ribbed like hard sand when the tide is out.

Mud, indeed, makes almost the whole of the Hadhramaut building, and rises in tiers of six or seven stones on nothing but a few shallow courses of stones. A slight stiffening is given by mixing it with straw and laying it out in shallow bricks to dry in the sun; the hillside earth, liquefied, is used for mortar; and the only other solidity of the building is in the thickness of its walls and a gentle tilt inwards—a tilt one may recognize in the rock-tombs of Petra.

The most remarkable buildings of the Hadhramaut, and the most intricate in decoration, are in the Great Wadi, but the little towns of Do'an have a special charm of their own, a feeling of remote and changeless feudalism. The householder's savings are not put into a bank but invested in copper trays which the ladies hang like a panoply, one above the other, up the walls of their room, from floor to ceiling if they are rich enough. Kettles and odd pottery from Europe also deck the walls, and a mirror or two in wealthy houses. The light comes pleasantly into these rooms, thrown upwards from the floor where the trellis work of numerous windows frames the valley below: they are

made so low for people who use no chairs to sit on; there is no glass, but solid shutters in case of need.

From my camp bed, where I would try to rest while ladies with their babies improvised coffee-parties and tea-parties around me in circles on the floor, I could look down across the tops of the palms to the sheer cliff and the rim of the opposite Jöl; and I used to wonder at the babel of small chatter that continued to rise century after century in the austere silence of this



The builders sing in time as they slap the mud into place. Only the lowest courses of a house are of stone: the rest mud



The women of the Hadhramaut present, save within the fastness of the harim, an exceptionally reticent appearance to the outside world. Invariably clad from head to foot in black with holes for their eyes, they seldom go about: only a funeral, or a wedding like this at Hajarain, would justify a visit to the next village

The Hadhramaut accepts slavery as one of the foundations of life, and is content to mitigate its effects with kindness. Even though these slave girls (wearing the 'sack-like gowns' of Do'an) may have been sold in childhood for as little as £20, they have an established status and their mistress' sole recourse, even when they go on strike, is to sell them again



Apart from his bodyguard of slaves, the Sultan of Malindi is attended by the British Consul, accompanied by mercenaries of the 'Laj' tribe, here seen carrying out the British guard-house.



Their bright and varied attire—chosen as they were—makes the marching line a gay and interesting sight.

land shut in by its great walls. Some sense of awe at the grandeur of their own landscape must surely *sometimes* keep these ladies silent? On many occasions I would wonder at the incredible amount of energy that has gone to the making of female conversation since the beginning of time—an energy all going, as it were, to waste, like the Severn tides, unharnessed to any useful machine.

The ladies of Do'an did very little except talk. They hardly ever went out

—an expedition to the next village in the wadi was an event only justified by a wedding, funeral or such; they rarely sewed—their black sack-like gowns were quickly run up, and the many-coloured embroidered breast-plate which decorated them were done by professional embroideresses. Cooking was the only work: seventy or more tribesmen might turn up any day unexpectedly and the Ba Surra, as heads of the clan, fed them all on peppered rice and stews of meat, and a pulp of dates. Other fruit, milk or vegetables were scarcely to be found in the wadi. Once a week or so the Beduin brought news and merchandise from the coast: rumours of the world came, strangely remote in our mediaeval valley—the Abyssinian war was preparing, rousing much anti-Italian feeling, particularly strong among those Arabs who had visited either of Italy's East African colonies. The Wadi Do'an emigrates mostly to the African coasts; its men settle there as merchants, to return prosperous after many years to their native villages: but of the women I met, only one had followed her husband, and she soon regretted her cliff-walled home and returned.

Apart from the pleasant feeling of safety produced at that time by our remoteness from civilization of the Roman kind, the Wadi Do'an really was prosperous and at peace under the capable rule of the Ba Surra and the overlordship of Makalla, the seat of the Qe'aiti sultans. These have been increasing in prestige and authority of late years and the increase is shown, as it usually is in tribal countries, by the growing number of the tracks along which you may travel without danger. Provided communications and trade are kept open, the little wars that go on in a chronic way to right and left of the main routes do small damage, and I heard nothing but vague rumours of them as I rode peacefully over the Jöl.

To police the whole country thoroughly would require large forces, and the



In the northern parts of the Hadhramaut the Yafa'i stroll about half-naked, wearing a loin-cloth, like the Beduin

Qe'aiti sultans had only their own bodyguard: the Nizam—composed of black African slaves imported centuries ago—and the Yafa'i—mercenary tribesmen from the western hills, to whom the Qe'aiti themselves belonged when they first settled in the Hadhramaut. I believe the Government in Aden have now suggested the formation of tribal police levies, excellent material ready to hand for anyone who can organize them; but, when I travelled, the Yafa'i were the only regular army, and they at the moment were causing trouble in Do'an, having entrenched themselves in one of the fortress houses, where the Ba Surra with their own bodyguard of Beduin were preparing a siege. Their Commandant, a trim old man under a vast turban, who used to join us at lunch while his troops behaved in this improper way, explained that such things happen when they are left too long in one place; they had been twenty-five years in Do'an and began to think they could do as they pleased, and pastured their goats on the crops of their neighbours.

"But," said the old mercenary with a smile, "Ba Surra will deal with them."

Ba Surra, the pleasantest and gentlest of governors, smiled with a little air of weariness.

When I finally left Do'an and travelled through the less well-ordered region north

of Sif, I found that little town more or less under the thumb of its Yafa'i. They strolled about there half-naked, with an indigo loin-cloth like the Beduin, very different from their variegated garments in Makalla—their only spot of colour the bracelet which they wear over the right elbow, not unlike that, possibly, which the Amalekite took from the dead arm of Saul (2 Samuel, i. 10). Three of these mercenaries escorted me from Sif to Hajarain.

I left Do'an and its delightful people after a twelve days' stay. The fever had dropped, but I still felt incredibly ill and have since been told that I was suffering from pneumonia: the ride lives in my memory as an interminable stretch of earth unendingly imprisoned in cliff walls, an oven for the sun to roast one in. The sun sank as we left the most desolate part of the valley and came to patches of millet near the stream-bed: and still we rode for hours, under a pale moon that gradually gained colour, until we climbed in the black shadow of walls to the gate of Hajarain on the hill. The night approach to that walled unlighted town, the gardens on the plain below where the moon glittered on fronds of palm, my mercenaries with their dim rifles padding before and behind me on bare feet—these will remain vivid in memory long after the sickness and fatigue are forgotten.

Wild Flowers in Eastern Canada

Notes and Photographs by J. Allan Cash



Canada is a land abundantly blessed with wild flowers; some identical with kinds familiar in this country, others unknown here. Their value to the Canadian countryside is perhaps even greater than that of our own to the English, for the Canadian winter is so severe that even the grass is killed. The result is that in spring, when the snow has melted, little green is visible and the landscape is very drab and colourless. Finding the first spring flowers is therefore a great joy. The earliest to appear is usually the dainty little Hepatica (here shown) which thrusts its way through the dead leaves, sometimes even before the snow has all gone. This plant is confined to the eastern half of Canada and is generally coloured mauve but varies to pink and even white: its leaves remain green throughout the winter but die in spring, fresh ones appearing after the flowers



Another early arrival is the Bloodroot (above) which appears soon after Hepatica. The flowers are pure white, with a golden centre; the stems when broken exude a red juice which the Indians used for war-paint. When spring is well started the Trillium (below) comes out. As its name implies, everything is in threes—petals, stamens, leaves, etc. It is the Provincial flower of Ontario





Among the early summer flowers are the delicate Small White Violet (above), with purple veinings on its lower petals, and the yellow or white Dog's Tooth Violet (below). Unlike the similar English plant after which this was probably named by settlers, its roots do not resemble dogs' teeth





The bright blue Viper's Bugloss (above) is more prolific than in England and kills all other plants, even grass, being consequently regarded as a noxious weed. Wild Phlox (below) carpets the ground of Canadian woodlands with lilac blue rather as the Bluebell (unknown in Canada) does in England





(Above) *Jack-in-the-Pulpit*—also called *Indian Turnip* because its roots are edible when boiled—is an arum, green with pale brown stripes. The fruit is a spike of red berries. (Below) *Dutchman's Breeches*, also called *White Hearts*. Its graceful racemes of flowers (white with yellow centres), like rows of ladies' ear pendants, and feathery leaves, make this a very attractive plant





(Above) *The Large Yellow Lady's Slipper.* Of this orchid there are ten different species found in Canada to England's one, now thought to be extinct. It flowers in June and July, the 'slippers' golden yellow with side petals and sepals streaked with brown. (Below) *The Canada Anemone,* pure white, is in fact one of many Canadian anemones, and grows usually in dry places



The University of Virginia

by GARRARD GLENN

We, whose lives are so largely governed by precedent and tradition, can the more readily appreciate the traditions of others and the achievements of the men whose force of character helped to create them. The traditions of Virginia are older than Thomas Jefferson, but nowhere have they found happier expression than in the University which he designed and which its Professor of Law herein describes with such gentle and humorous affection

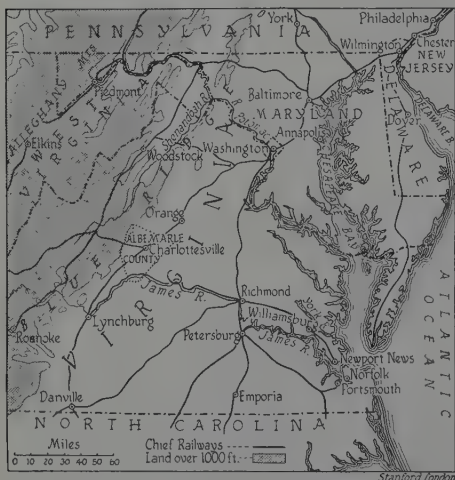
THE University of Virginia is seated in the Piedmont section of the State, and in the County of Albemarle. Neither detail is unimportant, for while the University represents things that transcend boundaries, nevertheless Virginia is reflected in her University, and one can never speak of Virginia save in terms of counties and regions. The Piedmont, to a native, means the counties that contain the eastern foothills of the Blue Ridge range; and of these Albemarle County, whose court-house town is Charlottesville, has been called the garden spot of Virginia. That may be an exaggeration, but certainly Albemarle is attractive, what with the contrast of red soil and green fields; and as for scenery, so numerous are her hills that almost every country home has a view of its own.

On one of these hills—a small mountain,

indeed—is a place called Monticello; and there, for many years, lived Mr Thomas Jefferson. His tombstone, which one may stop to see half-way between the lodge and the house, has an epitaph that was inscribed pursuant to the last orders of an old gentleman who seems to have thought of everything, except making money or saving it. This inscription tells the visitor that Thomas Jefferson lies here, 'Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia'.

Perhaps this is the only epitaph which is both accurate and reticent. No statement it contains has ever been denied; but additional facts are that Mr Jefferson was twice President of the United States, founder of one of the two political parties that still survive in this country, patron of a school of thought which has outlived all vicissitudes, and one of the few really great architects whom our race has produced. Doubtless Mr Jefferson, with the instinct of an artist, considered that all these colours were properly blended in the composition he selected, and that 'the man Jefferson' (to speak after the mode of a new school of biography) would always be found in the lines, that he wrote the Declaration of Independence, that he was the author of Virginia's statute of religious freedom, and that he was the father of the University of Virginia.

The University, therefore, is not ancient, because Mr Jefferson was not born until 1743, and this institution was the child of his old age. But she inherited, as did Mr Jefferson himself, a spirit that led unerringly to ancient sources for all inspiration,





James Saunders

Thomas Jefferson was the architect as well as the founder of the University of Virginia. He began building early in life on the 'little mountain', part of the family property, where later rose his great mansion—Monticello—overlooking Charlottesville and the site of the University

whether in political theory or in architecture.

What this spirit is, what the University really is, no one has yet succeeded in telling. But the writer, himself a Virginian by adoption (as a native of Georgia he is a colonial, so far as Virginia is concerned), recommends to the visitor a practice which has been found to be quite successful in various moods.

First of all, one should visit the Lawn, which marches from the Rotunda and is accompanied as it goes by colonnaded arms, of pavilions and offices, that extend from the Rotunda eastwards. Then the visitor should look at the gardens that lie behind each colonnade, and lastly, the Ranges which, flanking the gardens, complete the architectural scheme as originally designed. Today, of course, there are also modern buildings, required by growing

needs. The Lawn itself is prolonged by two of these buildings, and is enclosed, at its easterly end, by another. But except for one structure (fortunately not readily visible because of the trees) which dates from 1876 and reminds one of nothing so much as the Albert Memorial, these buildings harmonize with the Lawn, not only as to relative position, but also because they are of the same school of design that governed the original group.

Rotunda, colonnades, gardens and Ranges are the work of Thomas Jefferson himself; and I have already made the suggestion, by no means original, that he was one of the great architects of our race. The visitor, indeed, will have no trouble in getting all the material he wants about Mr Jefferson as an architect from guide-books on sale at the hotels, as well as from the more substantial works that are

devoted to the subject. But the impressive fact is that this publicist and statesman had never studied architecture, nor in his youth had he seen any good examples outside of Tidewater Virginia. In that old part of the State, up the reaches of the great rivers, James, York and Potomac, were many beautiful homes; and Williamsburg, which was the capital city until after the Revolution, had, in the College of William and Mary, Governor's Palace and Bruton Church, works of the school of Wren so admirable that of late years Mr Rockefeller has spent much in restoring them. But they did not appeal to the designer of the Lawn, for he disliked the architecture of the period as much as he disliked its

ruling political theories. The result may be seen, first in Monticello, Mr Jefferson's home, which overlooks the University to this day, then in the University, and finally in several of the great mansions in Albemarle, the county which encloses the whole. It was, indeed, a pleasant habit of Mr Jefferson's to advise county families with respect to the remodelling, or even the rebuilding, of their houses; and his work is apparent, even today, in various estates scattered about the county. One of these, Farmington, is now a country club, really a private hotel; but others are still in possession of the families which owned them when the old gentleman of Monticello was giving his kindly advice.

But whence came the inspiration to this architect who did not practice the profession, this graduate of William and Mary who had received nothing but the classical education usual in his day? Architects, artists and biographers have told us so much of late years that we know just what happened—up to a certain point. Mr Jefferson never saw the living works of antiquity until, as Minister to France, he crossed the Atlantic in his middle years. Before that, however, he had been under the influence of Palladio, possessing, as he did, a treatise upon the work of that master, profusely garnished with plates. The result, however, was not Palladian; nor is Monticello Georgian, and certainly the University buildings are not. The distinction has been well described by Mr Bruce, in his authoritative history of the University. The school of Inigo Jones, this writer says, worked downwards from Palladio into the Georgian type; but Mr Jefferson worked upwards from Palladio until he reached the pure beauty of the classic.

But there is something more in Mr Jefferson's architecture, just as there is something more in his University. To get this additional and all-important thing, the visitor, after completing his tour of the University, should return to the Lawn, and



Jefferson's statue fitly faces the University buildings that he designed, though no man's fame ever stood less in need of such a memorial



James Sawders

The architecture of his day pleased Jefferson as little as its ruling political theories, though Virginia already possessed many notable buildings, such as the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg (where he was educated)—



James Sawders

—and Westover, on the James River, built by William Byrd (1674–1744), home of a famous family



The main feature of the University (opened in 1825) is the long and spacious Lawn, sloping down between avenues and classic colonnades from the Rotunda to Cabell Hall, designed by Stanford White in 1898 to harmonize with Jefferson's scheme. Above is the view from, below that towards, the Rotunda

James Sawders





James Saw

The Rotunda, which was inspired by the Roman Pantheon, was the only one of Jefferson's buildings not complete at his death in 1826. It houses the library. The flanking colonnades consist of 'pavilions' with tall porticoes, for the professors, joined by single-storied rows of students' rooms

James Sawders

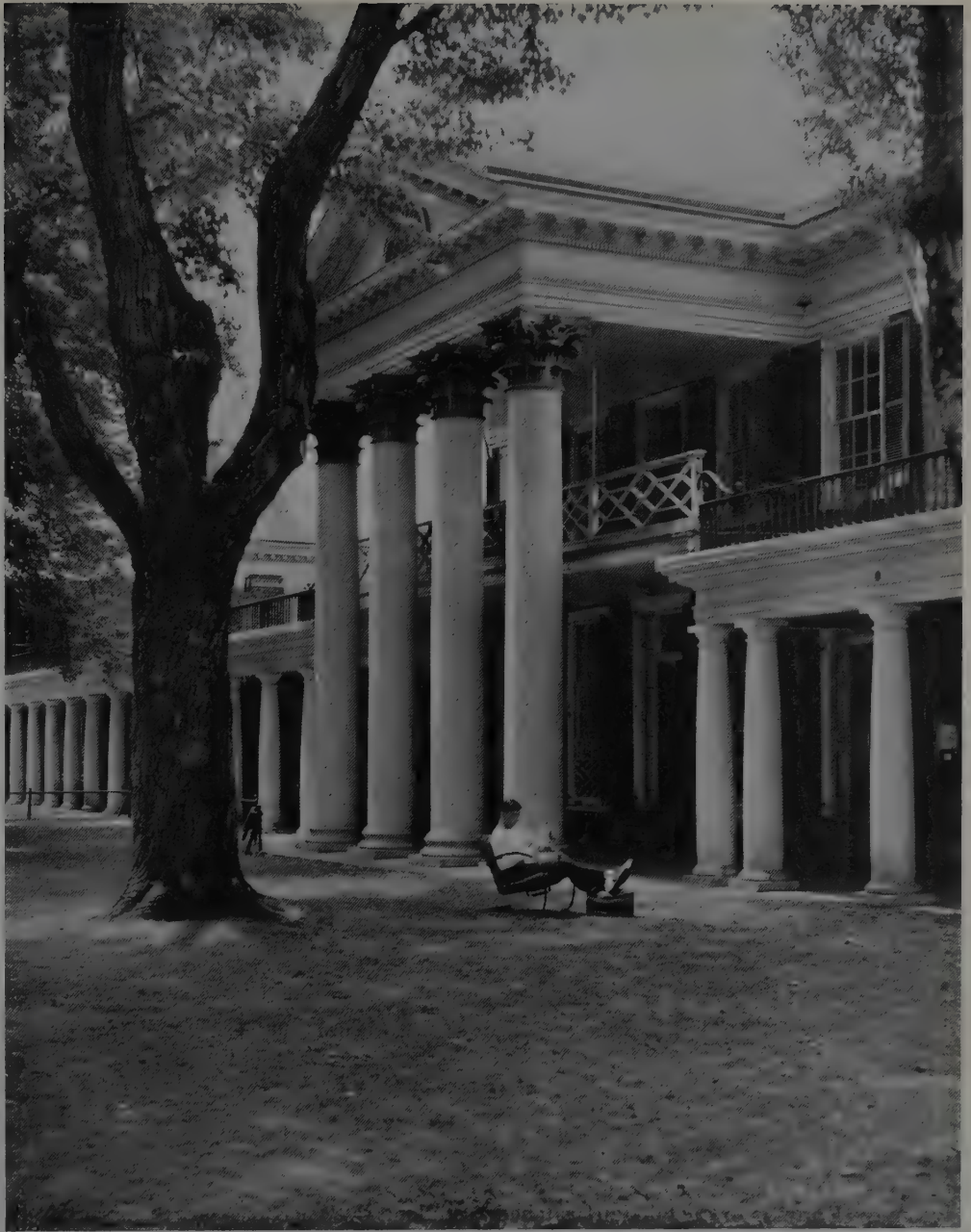




Parallel with the Lawn and the main colonnades are the gardens behind the 'pavilions', and a Long Walk, flanked by serpentine walls one brick in thickness, made from Albemarle red clay



Behind these, again, are rows of students' rooms joined by arcades—East and West Range



James Sawders

One of the original professors' houses on the Lawn, now used as a Faculty club. No two of these pavilions are identical, though all merge into an architectural unity



The interior of the late 19th-century Cabell Hall, the main University auditorium

there await the coming of a spirit that will bear no definite message but will yet succeed in making its presence known. Having thus been visited, he will know what has happened, although he will probably not be able to talk about it.

A private annunciation of this sort is always possible, for such was Mr Jefferson's craft in design that one never feels crowded when within the University precincts. The Lawn, indeed, always gives the feeling that it is comfortably spacious, whether in Term time when there are students about, or in Vacation when artists and architects are busy with their sketches. That is so even on a great day like Convocation or Finals, although the academic procession may be on its way from the Rotunda to Cabell Hall, watched by the usual horde of admiring spectators—city and county people, children, nursemaids, and dogs of all degrees.

And, just as the University does not emphasize the fact of her presence, so she never stresses anything else in particular. We have twenty-five hundred students here, to say nothing of the Faculties of the various schools. Yet rarely is one in evidence. The effect is subtle, and pleases many of our visitors, once they get used to it; but sometimes, it must be confessed, the searcher for 'material' is sent empty away. I recall one writer who spent a winter here, partly for rest, and partly, it was suspected, with the idea of giving the University a real write-up. In that respect her winter was wasted, because, since her departure, the lady has written nothing about the University at all. But I remember that she was struck by the utter absence of students. "Where are they?" she said. "I have never seen anyone bearing the faintest resemblance to the type." Her difficulty, of course, was that she had expected



Graduation exercises are held out of doors in the McIntire Amphitheatre whenever weather permits. Students graduating usually number about 400, while numerous spectators watch the conferring of degrees



A lacrosse game between the Virginia team and an Oxford and Cambridge team several years ago

to see persons who, by dress or manner, would emphasize the fact that they were students, and that Virginia was their University.

One cannot find that sort of thing here, because the University expresses Virginia; and Virginia always manages to convey the impression that she is not overmuch concerned with time or phases. Being old and experienced, she knows that this is not the true way of life. It is not without significance, perhaps, that one of the University's earliest productions was the classic translation of Marcus Aurelius that was made by George Long, an Englishman who was Mr Jefferson's own selection for the Faculty of his day.

When one considers this point a little, especially if the meditating is done upon the Lawn, one can understand why the University, although relatively young in years (her centenary was celebrated in 1921) nevertheless managed to catch and hold the spirit of Virginia, the second oldest of all commonwealths of the English-speaking world. The University of Virginia did not come into being merely to supply the State with an institution of higher learning, or to provide a national University. Either of these objects could have been achieved without coming to the hills of Albemarle. Virginia could have created a University by a mere enlargement of her old college of William and Mary; and George Washington's idea of a national university at the new capital city bearing his name could just as easily have been put into effect. But Mr Jefferson discarded both plans, and insisted upon Virginia having a university, new in point of time, but old as representing what he believed to be the best in Virginia's character. William and Mary could not be changed to good effect, because that institution had hardened around an idea that was manifested, among other things, in the union of Church and State. A national university at the new city of Washington would not do either, because

it would lack background; and then, too, it would probably freeze around the tenets of one school of political thought. But Virginia needed something that would really give her view of life an expression, and the result was this University. Hence it came to pass that, once the doors were opened, old Virginia entered.

She has been here ever since, with all her gentle tolerance, her casual and irregular way of doing things and her dislike of strong words; but with her notion, also, that, should she be grumblingly compelled to take a course of action, she must follow it, although at the end of the road may be Appomattox. And so, to Virginians this is 'The University', and among them it is never mentioned by any other title.

Now, inasmuch as Virginia is here in her University, she invests the place not only with her traditions but also with her way of life. And, as country life is of the essence of Virginia, each one of her counties being different from all the others, no one can leave without realizing that he has not only seen the University, but has been in Albemarle County; nor is he apt to forget that the Virginia manner of life holds full sway here.

Of the many illustrations that have been left on record or float in tradition, I may mention two that proceed from the same period of history. During the Revolutionary War with Great Britain, it so happened that Burgoyne's officers and men, who were captured at Saratoga, were sent here to be kept as prisoners of war. The soldiers were confined at a place which is still called The Barracks, but the officers were released upon their parole. These officers, from all accounts, behaved just as agreeable visitors do today; they paid visits, read, went hunting, and so on. As a result, there has survived a diary which is unique, because it was kept by a prisoner of war who really enjoyed his captivity, and, the war being ended, parted from his kind enemies with unaffected regret. But before that war was over, Lord Cornwallis,

who commanded the English forces in the southern theatre, sent a heavy cavalry raid in this direction for the double purpose of releasing the prisoners and capturing Mr Jefferson, who not only had written the Declaration of Independence, but was then Governor of Virginia. How the troopers missed capturing Mr Jefferson and releasing the prisoners is another story; but 'Tarleton's Oak', on the edge of the town of Charlottesville, remains to show the place where the invading forces encamped. They did not remain long; but if Colonel Banastre Tarleton (who, with his antagonist, Light Horse Harry Lee, foreshadowed those great cavalymen, Stuart and Forrest), had only come here as a prisoner on parole, instead of bursting in upon the community on a quiet morning as he did, I am sure he would have appreciated life as it is lived, and always has been, in these parts, quite as much as his young compatriot, the paroled subaltern.

Yet even this redoubtable Tarleton did not escape wholly unscathed, for a lady of the county saw to that. It seems that the Colonel, whose forces lived upon the country, had raided this grand dame's place for provisions. She bore it with the dignity her granddaughters were to display in the later days of our Civil War, when Virginia was one great theatre of hostile operations; but there was something about Banastre Tarleton that could strike fire even from the stony breast of an enemy châtelaine. At any rate, the Colonel was visited, just as his column was leaving the vicinity, by a negro who tendered him a bedraggled duck, "Wid Ole Mistis' compl'mens, an' hyah's somp'n de Colonel forgot."

All that happened long ago, but yesterday is never far off in an old community like this; and it makes no real difference that nowadays our English visitors are Oxford dons or attachés from the Embassy at Washington, instead of young officers who came as enemies and departed in a different mood. There is still Albemarle County, which has never changed its name

since the colony saw fit thus to honour the family of Monk, who had restored Charles II to his throne. For that matter, the pleasant town of Charlottesville, which nowadays almost encloses the precincts of the University, still commemorates the consort of George III, that king to whom Mr Jefferson was very uncomplimentary in the Declaration of Independence. Virginia never troubled herself about the spiteful indulgence that consists in changing the name of a place; and that is but one manifestation of the spirit that abides within the University.



The University's sons died to defend traditions of which she is co-heir. A statue by Gutzon Borglum in memory of James R. McConnell, an aviator killed in the Great War



James Sawders

The countryside of 'Old Virginny' breeds a noble race of men—children nursed in the mellow atmosphere of ancient and honourable houses like Stratford, home of the Lees—



James Sawders

—where Light Horse Harry, of Revolutionary, and Robert E. Lee of Confederate, fame were born



E. M. Sloc

The spirit of Virginia lives, too, in the little farms on their rocky hills—each with its own view, its snake-fences (left) and its plantation bell to call men home from the fields

James Sav



E. M. Slocombe

Right) The 'Hill-Billies' of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains still cherish their traditional melodies





James Saunders

Looking into the Shenandoah Valley from the Blue Ridge—a land to love and remember

But to appraise this spirit wholly—that is an impossible task, for the average person. It would not have been beyond the powers of Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, who, as a student here, occupied a room in West Range; and Mr Jefferson, too, had his own way of doing such things, because he was an artist. Thus he hung around the *Maison Carrée* at Nimes, so he himself confesses, 'as a lover would about his mistress'; and he was able later to perpetuate this delight in a design of the State's capitol at Richmond. Others not so fortunate are also influenced, but they are inarticulate. They cannot speak of a sunset over the Blue Ridge Mountains, or twilight upon

the Lawn. Nor is there really much for such a person to say about the Honour System prevailing here, whereby a student court, and it alone, punishes infractions of an unwritten code that ranges from cheating in examinations to many other species of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. But at least one can take his leave with a feeling both of hope and of certainty. It is not too much to hope that our visitors will always carry pleasant memories away with them; while our alumni will certainly remember that once they were here—and that, as certainly, will help the finer purposes to prevail in their lives.